

博雅  
教育

全国英语专业博雅系列教材

总主编 丁建新

# 英语短篇小说

吴夏莉 主 编

LIBERAL EDUCATION



中山大學出版社  
SUN YAT-SEN UNIVERSITY PRESS

全国英语专业博雅系列教材/总主编 丁建新

# 英语短篇小说

吴夏莉 主编



中山大学出版社  
SUN YAT-SEN UNIVERSITY PRESS

· 广州 ·

版权所有 翻印必究

图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

英语短篇小说/吴夏莉主编. —广州: 中山大学出版社, 2016. 1

(全国英语专业博雅系列教材/总主编 丁建新)

ISBN 978 - 7 - 306 - 05549 - 1

I. ①英… II. ①吴… III. ①英语—阅读教学—高等学校—教材 ②短篇小说—文学欣赏—世界 IV. ①H319.4:I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2015) 第 289190 号

---

出版人: 徐 劲

策划编辑: 熊锡源

责任编辑: 熊锡源

封面设计: 曾 斌

责任校对: 林彩云

责任技编: 何雅涛

出版发行: 中山大学出版社

电 话: 编辑部 020 - 84111996, 84113349, 84111997, 84110779

发行部 020 - 84111998, 84111981, 84111160

地 址: 广州市新港西路 135 号

邮 编: 510275 传 真: 020 - 84036565

网 址: <http://www.zsup.com.cn> E-mail: [zdcbs@mail.sysu.edu.cn](mailto:zdcbs@mail.sysu.edu.cn)

印 刷 者: 广州中大印刷有限公司

规 格: 787mm × 960mm 1/16 8.75 印张 180 千字

版次印次: 2016 年 1 月第 1 版 2016 年 1 月第 1 次印刷

印 数: 1 ~ 3 000 册 定 价: 26.00 元

---

如发现本书因印装质量影响阅读, 请与出版社发行部联系调换

# 全国英语专业博雅系列教材编委会

总主编 丁建新 (中山大学)

## 编 委 会

李洪儒 (黑龙江大学)

司显柱 (北京交通大学)

赵彦春 (天津外国语学院)

田海龙 (天津外国语学院)

夏慧言 (天津科技大学)

李会民 (河南科技学院)

刘承宇 (西南大学)

施 旭 (浙江大学)

辛 斌 (南京师范大学)

杨信彰 (厦门大学)

徐畅贤 (湖南城市学院)

李玉英 (江西师范大学)

李发根 (江西师范大学)

肖坤学 (广州大学)

宫 齐 (暨南大学)

张广奎 (广东财经大学)

温宾利 (广东外语外贸大学)

杜金榜 (广东外语外贸大学)

阮 炜 (深圳大学)

张晓红 (深圳大学)

## 博雅之辩（代序）

大学精神陷入前所未有的危机，许多人在寻找出路。

我们的坚持是，提倡博雅教育（Liberal Education）。因为大凡提倡什么，关键在于审视问题的症结何在，对症下药。而当下之困局，根源在于功利，在于忘掉了教育之根本。

博雅教育之理念，可以追溯至古罗马人提倡的“七艺”：文法、修辞、辩证法、音乐、算术、几何、天文学。其目的在于培养人格完美的自由思考者。在中国教育史上，博雅的思想，古已有之。中国儒家教育的传统，强调以培养学生人格为核心。儒家“六艺”，礼、乐、射、御、书、数，体现的正是我们所讲的博雅理念。“学识广博，生活高雅”，在这一点上，中国与西方，现代与传统，并无二致。

在古罗马，博雅教育在于培育自由的人格与社会精英。在启蒙时代，博雅教育意指解放思想，破除成见。“什么都知道一点，有些事情知道得多一点”，这是19世纪英国的思想家约翰·斯图亚特·密尔（John Stuart Mill）对博雅的诠释。同一时期，另外一位思想家，曾任都柏林大学校长的约翰·亨利·纽曼（John Henry Newman）在《大学理念》一书中，也曾这样表述博雅的培养目标：“如果必须给大学课程一个实际目标，那么，我说它就是训练社会的良好成员。它的艺术是社会生活的艺术，它的目的是对世界的适应……大学训练旨在提高社会的精神格调，培养公众的智慧，纯洁一个民族的趣味”。

博雅教育包括科学与人文，目标在于培养人的自由和理性的精神，而不是迎合市场与风俗。教育的目标在于让学生学会尊重人类生活固有的内在价值：生命的价值、尊严的价值、求知的价值、爱的价值、相互尊重的价值、自我超越的价值、创新的价值。提倡博雅教育，就是要担当这些价值守护者的角色。博雅教育对于我们来说，是一种素质教育、人文教育。人文教育关心人类的终极目标，不是以“有用”为标准。它不是“万金油”，也无关乎“风花雪月”。

在美国,专注于博雅教育的大学称为“文理学院”,拒绝职业性的教育。在中国香港,以博雅教育为宗旨的就有岭南大学,提倡“全人教育”;在台湾大学,博雅教育是大学教育的基础,课程涉及文学与艺术、历史思维、世界文明、道德与哲学、公民意识与社会分析、量化分析与数学素养、物质科学、生命科学等八大领域。在欧洲,博雅教育历史中的七大范畴被分为“三道”(初级)与“四道”(高级)。前者包括语法、修辞与辩证法,后者包括算术、几何、天文与音乐。在中国大陆的中山大学,许多有识之士也提倡博雅之理念,让最好的教授开设通识课程,涉及现代学科之环境、生物、地理等各门。同时设立“博雅学院”,学拉丁,读古典,开风气之先。

外语作为一门人文性很强的学科,尤其有必要落实博雅之理念。对于我们来说,最好的“应用型”教育在于博雅。早在20世纪20~40年代,在水木清华的外文系,吴宓先生提倡“语”“文”并重,“中”“西”兼修,教学上提倡自主学习与互动研究。在《西洋文学系学程总则》中,吴宓明确了“博雅之士”的培养目标:

本系课程编写的目的为使学生:(甲)成为博雅之士;(乙)了解西洋文明之精神;(丙)熟读西方文学之名著、谙悉西方思想之潮流,因而在国内教授英、德、法各国语言文字及文学,足以胜任愉快;(丁)创造今日之中国文学;(戊)汇通东西方之精神而互为介绍传布。

博雅之于我们,不仅仅是理念,更重要的是课程体系,是教材,是教法,是实践,是反应试教育,是将通识与专业熔于一炉。基于这样的理念,我们编写了这套丛书。希望通过这样的教育,让我们的学生知道人之为人是有他内在的生活意义,告诉我们的学生去求知,去阅读,去思考,去创造,去理解世界,去适应社会,去爱,去相互尊重,去审美,去找回精神的家园。

无需辩驳,也不怕非议。这是我们的坚守。

中山大学外国语学院 教授、博士生导师

中山大学语言研究所 所长

丁建新

2013年春天

## 前 言

英语语言文学类的课程被认为是英语专业本科生的主要课程之一，不仅能提高学生在英语方面的阅读和写作技巧，更重要的是培养学生欣赏和分析英语文学原著的能力。本教材旨在介绍英语短篇小说，包括基础知识和理论，主要的文学流派，作家的写作风格和表达的主题，等。

相比其他文学体裁，短篇小说对学生而言普遍来说接受度要高一些，能更好地引导学生踏入文学领域，有助于他们了解不同的文化和思维方式，提高其人文素养，为学生通向博学儒雅之士的路上开启一扇小门。基于以上认识，本教材的目标读者主要是高校英语专业低年级学生，同时也适用于非英语专业的学生以及广大英语语言文学爱好者。

本书共八章，每章的内容由六个部分组成：作家及其作品简介、预习题、选文、注释、课内讨论题以及课后思考题。在教学过程中，教师可以两次课讲授一篇作品或者三次课讲两篇，视文本的长短和学生的具体情况来定。课堂以学生为主体，组织小组讨论，启发学生思考；教师则侧重文本分析，可结合理论介绍，以便从多方面给学生提供不同的解读方式。虽然在此教材的编写过程中参考了不少中外书籍，但难免会出现错误和缺憾，望指出，也恳请得到意见和建议。

编 者

2015 年 8 月

# Contents

Chapter One	Nathaniel Hawthorne	1
Introduction to the Author		1
Text	The Minister's Black Veil	2
Chapter Two	William Faulkner	15
Introduction to the Author		15
Text	A Rose for Emily	16
Chapter Three	Ernest Hemingway	26
Introduction to the Author		26
Text 1	Hills like White Elephants	27
Text 2	A Clean, Well-lighted Place	32
Text 3	Cat in the Rain	37
Chapter Four	Isak Dinesen	42
Introduction to the Author		42
Text 1	The Blue Jar	43
Text 2	The Blank Page	46
Chapter Five	Kate Chopin	52
Introduction to the Author		52
Text 1	Désirée's Baby	53
Text 2	The Story of an Hour	57



## 2 英语短篇小说

Text 3 A Pair of Silk Stockings .....	61
Chapter Six Virginia Woolf .....	68
Introduction to the Author .....	68
Text 1 The Mark on the Wall .....	69
Text 2 Kew Gardens .....	76
Chapter Seven James Joyce .....	83
Introduction to the Author .....	83
Text 1 The Sisters .....	84
Text 2 Araby .....	92
Chapter Eight D. H. Lawrence .....	98
Introduction to the Author .....	98
Text 1 Two Blue Birds .....	99
Text 2 The House-Dealer's Daughter .....	113
References .....	130

## Chapter One

---

### Nathaniel Hawthorne

#### Introduction to the Author

On July 4, 1804, in Salem, Massachusetts, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born into a family whose ancestors were Puritans. Interested in the American past, especially the history of the colonial New England, Hawthorne spent twelve years reading and studying in his mother's house after he graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. His first novel *Fanshawe* (1828) did not bring much fame. In 1837, some of his short stories got published in *Twice-Told Tales*. Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were engaged the next year and got married in 1842. During those years he worked in the Boston Custom House and later met some Transcendentalists at Brook Farm. After the publication of his short story collection — *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846), his greatest work, *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), drew a lot of attention and established him as one of the most notable writers. It tells a story of the adultery between a respectable Puritan minister Arthur Dimmesdale and a married woman Hester Prynne, who consequently has a baby girl with him named Pearl. The marvel in the novel is how the two lovers struggle for their love and dignity. It reveals the author's deep concern of moral complexity. And then Hawthorne's other pieces followed: *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), *The Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales* (1852), *The Blithedale Romance* (1852), *The Marble Faun* (1860), etc.

"The Minister's Black Veil" was published in *Twice-Told Tales*. Considered as one of Hawthorne's best short stories, it tells a thought-provoking story of another minister in a small town of New England, the Reverend Mr. Hooper, who wears a black veil and refuses to take it off even when he dies. The veil gives him an eventful life. There is

doubt, gossip and blame from people, the congregation and his fiancée Elizabeth. Their reaction against the veil and the minister displays Hawthorne's skillful description of human psychology. And the mysterious and ambiguous air he creates in the plot makes a wonderful story.

## Text

### The Minister's Black Veil

#### Preview

1. Who first discovers the black veil?
2. What is the congregation's first reaction to the veil?
3. How old is the Reverend Mr. Hooper? What is he like?
4. What happens at the funeral?
5. What happens at the wedding?
6. What does Mr. Hooper tell Elizabeth about the veil? How does she take it?
7. Some deputies are sent to deal with Mr. Hooper's veil. Do they remove it? Why (not)?
8. What does the minister say about the veil before he dies? How do you understand it?

#### A Parable

THE SEXTON<sup>1</sup> stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling busily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld<sup>2</sup> the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit<sup>3</sup>.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray<sup>4</sup> of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute, of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person, of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view it seemed to consist of two folds of crape, which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper walked onward, at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat, and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into something awful, only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket<sup>5</sup>. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side,

and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandsire, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy page, as he read the Scriptures<sup>6</sup>; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one; he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said, at least, no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous<sup>7</sup> confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the

moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone, wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp, as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle aged with kind dignity as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food, almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghostlike from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady; "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion, the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin, to

take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eyelids had not been closed forever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving<sup>8</sup> prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

I had a fancy, replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other.

That night, the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe, which had gathered over him throughout the day, would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil, which had added deeper gloom to the funeral, and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests that a cloud seemed to have rolled duskily from beneath the black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her deathlike paleness caused a whisper that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so

dismal, it was that famous one where they tolled the wedding knell. After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple in a strain of mild pleasantry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered, his lips grew white, he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet, and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil.

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself, and he well-nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.

It was remarkable that of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto<sup>9</sup>, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself adverse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation of the church, in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to his visitors the whole burden of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed, was obvious enough. There was the black veil swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, speechless, confused, and shrinking



uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if, indeed, it might not require a general synod.

But there was one person in the village unpalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face which I am always glad to look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil; then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss<sup>10</sup>, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery, too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

"Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes forever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you